

## The Unusual Suspects

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Summary: When a member of his family is kidnapped, Barnabas gets help form an unusual group of teens and their talking dog.

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**\*\* \*\***

**\*\* WRITTEN BY DAVID ANAKIN\*\***

**\*\*DISCLAMER: Dark Shadows is the property of Dan Curtis, Scooby Doo & Pinky and The Brain is the property of Warner Bros. \*\***

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It was a dark and stormy night, so what else was new? Barnabas Collins stared out a window at the Old House with a satisfied look on his normally somber face. He was congratulating himself for the thousandth time for buying that umbrella company in 1795 and arranging it so he could be his own descendant and take over. How else could one sleep all day and impress the ladies by night. Sometimes his undead life wasn't so bad. I'd better stop thinking about like this, he thought, I do have an reputation as a moody, depressed vampire to maintain. He looked at he clock on the wall; it was almost time to go to the Main House. They were going to see David's new rock group in a contest tonight.

In the auditorium of Collinsport High School people were taking their seats. Barnabas sat between Julia and Quentin. Roger was next to Julia and Elizabeth was next to Quentin. The lights dimmed and the curtains parted to reveal a group of teenagers. In the middle back was a drummer, on both side's guitarists and in the front stood David Collins.

"Good evening Collinsport!" he screamed into the microphone, "We are Haunted House. The first song is called "The Power of the Hand", and after that we'll play "Vampires to the Left of me, Werewolves to the Right, And Here I am stuck in the Middle With You."

Quentin and Barnabas both hid their faces. But before the group could start playing, the power went out. Sometimes these stories have wonderful timing, Barnabas thought. But his relief was cut short by a sudden burst of laughter then a greenish blue head appeared over the audience. The face looked down in utter contempt. The laughter stopped and it just stared with its dark eyes, its hard face floating like water.

"I am the ghost of Reverend Trask, I have come back for revenge."

There was more hollow, echoing, spooky, loud and a few other adjectives I can't think of laughter.

The lights came on and people started screaming and running. Through the crowd Barnabas's vampire ears heard someone ask,

"Hey, Where's David?"

He and Quentin went to the stage to question the rest of the group.

"I dunno man," the drummer said. He was about 15 with long brown hair with a dyed green and a gold cross in his nose.

Of course Barnabas couldn't look him in the face without cringing, even without the cross, so he spoke to one of the guitarists. "When that big head showed up he was totally gone." He told Quentin, "And worst was all I lost my drum sticks in the dark. You think you can help me find them, man?"

"Sure. After we've found a member of our family we'll conduct a house to house search."

"Thanks Man, but they gotta be around here." With that he wandered off. Quentin found Barnabas and together they found Roger, Julia, and Elizabeth. Barnabas told them that the guitarists, once they stopped complaining about their song being interrupted, saw nothing.

"I can't believe this!" Roger exclaimed, "Can't we do anything without a ghost getting involved."

"If it really wanted to punish us it would have let David's group play first." Julia joked

"Really Julia." Elizabeth said, "this is serious, we need to find out what happened to David."

"Maybe we can help." Said a voice from behind the group. They turned and saw two teenagers and a dog. The two boys approached the Collins's, one wore a white shirt with a blue tie and blue pants and the other had a green shirt and brown pants. The dog, since when do they allow dogs in auditoriums? Barnabas thought, oh well it's not important to the story; was big and brown with black spots.

"How?" Roger asked.

"Who are you two?" Elizabeth asked.

"Do you know anything about this?" Julia asked.

"Where did you get that neat green shirt?" Quentin asked.

Everyone looked at him. Quentin only shrugged,

"Well all of you go to ask the good questions."

"Well," said the one in the white shirt. "I'm Fred. And this is my slow-witted but well-meaning friend Shaggy. And this is our dog Scooby Doo."

"Like Hi" Shaggy said.

"Rello" said Scooby.

"Your dog can talk!" Julia said, "How remarkable."

"Actually" Fred said, "I always thought it was remarkable that Shaggy could talk."

"Like what's that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing Shaggy," Fred said, "We travel around the country and solve mysteries in our spare time."

"So what do you do the rest of the time?" Roger asked.

Fred seemed surprised by the question, "Well no one has ever asked that before. But what we've discovered is that most hauntings are really just money or land scheming by grumpy old men."

Roger introduced the rest of his family and Fred said that there were two more of his friends outside. Barnabas and Julia stayed behind when the others left.

"Do you think this is a trick Barnabas?" Julia asked.

"I'm not sure. I didn't sense anything, but that doesn't mean it wasn't a real ghost. With any luck these teenagers will keep Elizabeth and Roger out of trouble."

"Yes it is so hard looking for clues and keeping them in the dark at the same time."

They went to the exit.

Outside the police were trying to keep the press away and asking questions to anyone who may have saw anything and stayed around to talk. Fred led the Collins family to a pair of teenage girls. The one with blue eyes and red hair and a purple dress was named Daphne, while the other was short with brown hair and glasses and wore a yellow top and brown skirt was Velma. Fred introduced them. Quentin shook hands with Daphne, "I knew a woman named Daphne once. But she was not as lovely as you." He gazed at her for a long time.

"Thank you Mr. Collins." Daphne replied.

"Call me Quentin."

Barnabas and Julia joined them; Barnabas tore Quentin away from his new target.

"Have I ever told you, you need a new hobby." The vampire said.

"Already got one." He replied with a smile.

"Excuse me," a tall man wearing a tan suit with dark hair and hooded eyes and who without the mustache would have looked exactly like Gerard Styles. But as this is unimportant to the story no one noticed, said, "I'm Detective Alasdair Lanford. I like to ask you about your son Mr. Collins."

"Yes. Of course." Roger went off with the detective.

Later at Collinwood Roger angrily paced back and forth in the drawing room. Elizabeth, Barnabas, Julia, Velma, Shaggy, and Scooby watched in silence.

"I can't believe it!" Roger shouted

"Well it is procedure." Julia said.

"I'm sure we'll find him soon." Velma tried to sound sure, "Your cousin went with Fred and Daphne to Reverend Trask's church now."

"I can't believe it!" Roger repeated as if he never heard them. "The police won't consider David a missing person until 24 hours. In fact! That detective thinks this is a joke!"

"Like I can't believe they think that." Shaggy said.

"Speaking as someone who doesn't know him very well." Barnabas whispered to him.

Aloud he added, "Well I'm sorry but I really should get some sleep. Why the sun will be up in a few hours." He gave Roger a pat on the back and left.

"Yes," Julia said, "that's a good idea. We should take Barnabas's example and get some sleep."

"I doubt if anyone will get much sleep but perhaps you are right." Elizabeth turned to Velma, "You and your friends are welcome to stay here, I'll have some rooms prepared."

"Thank you Mrs. Stoddard."

"Just what we need more people." Roger mumbled under his breath. But no one else heard him.

It was then that Quentin came in followed by Daphne and Fred. "We couldn't see the good Reverend tonight. But don't worry we'll going back tomorrow."

"Thanks Quentin." Roger said, "Barnabas has already gone to bed and I think the rest of us should too."

It was almost noon before everyone woke up the next day. Quentin came into the dining room to find Roger, Julia, Fred, and Daphne sitting around the table.

"So what are we having?" he asked as he sat down next to Daphne. Velma came out with a large bowl and sat next to Julia. "It smells wonderful."

"Thanks Dr. Hoffman. Where are Mrs. Stoddard and Barnabas?" Velma asked as she filled everyone's bowls starting with Roger at the head of the table.

"Elizabeth had to pick up her daughter, but I'm not sure where Barnabas is." Roger answered

"He wasn't feeling well," Julia answered quickly, "but I'm sure he be fine in a few hours. Where are your friend Shaggy and your pet?"

"They're eating in the kitchen." Fred answered. "They're having a couple of herring and meatloaf sandwiches with cheese and BarBQ sauce. I figured it would gross us out if they ate in here."

"Just hearing about it makes me sick." Quentin said putting down his spoon. "I think I'll go for a walk. Care to join me Daphne?"

"Sure, I'll like that. I love old houses like this."

Roger stood up so suddenly his chair fell back, "I can't believe this! My son is missing and we just sit here while there's a dog in the kitchen and Quentin tries to get lucky!" then he stormed out of the room.

"I'll go give him a sedative." Julia got up, "I'm sure he didn't mean it."

"I guess we'd better get started." Fred said.

"Right." Quentin agreed, "I'm sure Trask is awake by now. Care to come along Daphne, I can show you the house after we find David."

"I'll come too." Fred said before Daphne could answer.

Quentin narrowed his eyes. "Maybe your other friends would like to come too? Or maybe your dog could come as a baby-sitter."

Daphne stood between them. "Now cool it guys. It's O.K. Quentin every time we split up to look for clues and Fred always goes one way and the others go the other. All right now lets go."

Daphne led Quentin out by the arm followed by a frowning Fred. Velma stayed to clean up. In the kitchen Shaggy and Scooby asked if there were any leftovers.

It took an hour for the Mystery Machine to get to the Trask home

where they were told he had already left for church another hour away. During the trip Fred over-heard Quentin tell Daphne stories about his life and the woman she reminded him of. Then Daphne told Quentin about some of the mysteries she helped solve. She even told him about meeting the Harlem Globe Trotters, he never heard of them. Where had this guy been? Fred thought, buried in a coffin! Finally the van pulled in front of the church. Once inside a young man with curly blonde hair met them who bore a remarkable resemblance to Jeb Hawkes, Sebastian Shaw, and Gabriel Collins. But again as this is not part of the plot Quentin did not see any likeness.

"The Reverend is busy right now." He said a little nervously, "I am his assistant Father Kirby, can I help you?"

"You can help us by telling us where Trask is and getting out of the way!" Quentin said standing nose to nose.

"Leave it to a Collins to resort to violence when others would use reason." Came a voice from the front of the room. Everyone turned toward the podium. Standing behind it was a tall man with black hair and cold hazel eyes.

"It's all right Father Kirby, Trask said, "I'll speak to them."

As the younger man left, Fred leaned to Quentin, "He looks just like the head from the auditorium."

"It seems everyone in the Trask family looks alike." Quentin whispered back, "I couldn't imagine being in a family where everyone looked alike."

Trask coughed to get their attention, "I've heard what happened to your cousin Mr. Collins, Have you come here for guidance?"

"The only help I need is to know where my cousin is." Quentin stepped closer.

"How would I know?" the Reverend asked, "I wasn't there, I'm not one of those TV reverends who claim to hear the voice of God on a regular basis. If I were I'll have a much nicer house."

"You said you know what happened to David Collins." Fred pointed out, "Do you know what else happened?"

"Yes. I heard someone used an image of one of my ancestors as a cheap sideshow act and I intend to make that heathen pay! That's all the time I have, Good Day!"

"Wait!" Quentin yelled, "You're not going anywhere until-"

"I will not be spoken to in that matter. Now you will take your friends and leave NOW!" the Reverend turned and disappeared behind the stage door before anyone could say another word.

Shaggy knocked on the door of the Old house again, "Like, I don't know. Are you sure this is the right house?"

"Ryeah." Scooby answered.

"Like it's really old." Shaggy knocked again and this time the door

slowly creaked open.

"Roo Noo." Scooby bowed his head and backed away.

"Like why do doors always have to do that? Maybe we should just leave a note."

"What are you worried about?" Velma asked, "Dr. Hoffman asked us to see if Barnabas has gotten back so we could look for David."

Reluctantly shaggy and Scooby followed her in. The only light in the room came from the windows as the sun set. Velma went towards the stairs, Shaggy looked around nervously and Scooby sniffed an antique chair.

"Don't even think about it Scoob!" Velma said, "I'm going to look upstairs you two can look down here."

"Like the place is even spookier than the other house." Shaggy said.

"Ri'll rearch the rkitchen." Scooby said and was gone in a shot. Shaggy tried to follow but got lost and ended up in the study.

"Like great! Scooby gets food and I get books."

He went to the bookshelf and looked at the titles. One of the books was entitled "Breakfast At Tiffany's." Wow, he thought, a cookbook and tried to take it. But for some reason it wouldn't come out. Almost like it was hung on something, then the whole bookshelf opened like a door. A hidden room in a spooky house, if I had half a brain I'd try to find the kitchen and forget I saw this. But since I don't have half a brain, I might as well go in he thought. Shaggy crept into the room and froze bug-eyed when he saw a coffin on a stone table in the middle of the room. But what caused an imprint of his heart to beat in and out of his chest was when the coffin began to open, and someone got out.

"Zonkes!" Shaggy cried and tried to back out of the room, but the door had already closed.

"So you know my secret." Barnabas said.

"Like you're a vampire! Velma and Fred always told me they weren't real."

"Oh how I wished that were true." Barnabas said putting on his best "I am a tormented vampire feel sorry for me" expression, "you cannot understand the kind of life I am forced to live. Sleeping all day and by night hypnotizing young attractive women so I can suck on their necks."

"Like, it sounds pretty good to me."

"Maybe I should have put it differently. No matter I have a better way to insure you'll be loyal and keep my secret. Look into my eyes."

"Like why."

"So I can hypnotize you."

"Like no way. I read that you could only hypnotize someone if they don't have much willpower and a really weak mind so youâ€¦ Oh Oh." Shaggy's eyes began to swirl like two tiny whirlpools.

"You will not tell anyone what you have seen here tonight. Understand?"

"Like yes, Master."

"And stop calling me Master."

"Like yes, Master."

"You're lucky this is a nonviolent story, Now let's go."

Scooby thought there was something wrong with this kitchen. After about 20 minutes he figured out what it was. There was no food! That wasn't completely true; in the refrigerator he found bottles of tomato juice. Or at least that's what he thought they were. Each label had only one letter on it, A, B, or O.

"Like hello Scooby." Shaggy said as he came in, "We must go."

"Rowky."

"Like we must find Velma and leave."

Meanwhile back at Collinwood, Barnabas told Julia what happened.

"I think we may have better luck finding David without their help."

"Oh Barnabas, what if we're too late? If only there were some way to contact the spirit. Perhaps a séance."

"Perhaps. We could try if it reappears, but remember three members of the Trask family died here."

"Maybe after we find out which Trask this is you can use the I-Ching to go back in time and prevent it so David will be safe."

"Forget it!" Barnabas said, "Every time something bad happens to this family we go back in time and risk our lives and make everything good again but does anyone say thank you? No! So this time we'll just have to take our chances."

"Barnabas, this doesn't sound like you at all. What's gotten into you?"

"Maybe the writer thinks my nice helpful vampire act has been over done."

"You know sometimes you make me so angry." Julia fumed, "And those are the times that I care for you the most."

"Now you know we can never pursue this relationship."



"But why? If we both have feelings."

"Because if we ever did become romantically involved the fans would have nothing to complain about but our cheap special effects."

The Mystery Machine van had just pulled up to the house, Quentin had went inside to tell the rest of the family about their meeting with Trask.

"You're going to do what?" Fred asked.

"I'm thinking about staying here. I like Quentin a lot and he likes me. He even said I could live here at Collinwood."

"But what will you do?"

"Quentin said that Barnabas would get me a job at his umbrella factory. And who knows maybe me and Quentin will get married."

"When did you two talk about marriage?"

"When we went to get gas."

"But what about us? You can't marry Quentin because I love you! Why do you think I always chose you when we split up to explore. I mean let's face it; When was the last time you solved a mystery? You don't belong here. The only reason Quentin likes you is because you remind him of that other Daphne."

"Shouldn't you be looking for your friends Fred?" Quentin said coming out the door.

"Yeah, I guess I should before you try to take them too."

Quentin opened his mouth to reply but Daphne stopped him. "Come on Quentin, you promised to show me the rest of the house."

She quickly led him inside before anyone could say another word.

Fred found Velma, Shaggy, and Scoob halfway between the Main House and the Old house. Fred and Velma filled each other in on what they did, which took longer because Shaggy kept interrupting saying they had to go.

"Why does he keep saying that?" Fred asked finally.

"That's all he's been saying since we left. If I didn't know better I'd swear he'd been hypnotized. But I didn't see anyone in the whole house." Velma answered.

"Reither did I." Scooby said.

"Wonderful" Fred exclaimed, "David Collins is still missing, Daphne may be leaving me-I mean us-, Shaggy's hypnotized again and worst of all we haven't found a single clue. Well, we might as well bring Shaggy out of it. Scoob you know what to do."

Scooby ran off in a shot and returned with a bucket two seconds

later.

"Thanks." Velma said taking the bucket. "Where did you get it?"

Scooby looked back the way he came and then at the bucket, and back again. "Ri don't know."

"Never mind." Velma dumped the bucket of water on Shaggy's head. Shaggy shook his head sending drops of water flying then looked around with a confused expression.

"Like I can't believe it!" the teen said.

"Believe what?" Fred asked.

"Like Barnabas Collins is a vampire!"

"I think that the water clogged up his brain." Velma reasoned.

"Like No! He really is and I can prove it!" and Shaggy ran toward Collinwood.

"We'd better catch him before he does something dumber than usual." Fred said.

"Thanks for the tour Quentin." Daphne said as they came down from the stairs.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it. I'll take you to the abandoned wings later on. Maybe after we find David and after I've swept you off your feet."

"You know Quentin I think we should-"

Daphne was interrupted by the front doors being thrown open and Shaggy running in.

"Like have you seen Barnabas Collins?"

"No Shaggy. We haven't." Daphne answered while Quentin glared thinking that one day they were going to have to buy a lock for that door. Then Fred, Velma, and the dog came in. Fred and Quentin exchanged dirty looks while the rest focused their attention on Shaggy.

"Like I'm going to show you he's a vampire." Shaggy, who was amazingly dry for such a short run, insisted. The statement took Quentin's attention off Fred.

"Shaggy," Velma said, "Vampires do not exist."

"Who's a vampire?" Daphne asked.

"Like Barnabas Collins is." Shaggy said.

"You can't believe that." Quentin said and then he smiled, "Next you'll say that I am a werewolf."

"Like he is a vampire! I saw him get out of his coffin."

"All right Shaggy," Fred said, "Where's the coffin?"

"Like I don't remember. He hypnotized me. But I can prove it!"

"Prove what?" Barnabas asked coming out of the next room with Julia.

"Sorry Mr. Collins," Fred said, "but Shaggy thinks you're a vampire."

"Really. You don't believe him of course?"

"Like I'll show you!" Shaggy said running through the double doors to the drawing room. The others followed him, and found him rummaging through the desk. He took out two pencils and held them out toward Barnabas in the shape of a cross.

"Like take that!"

"Alright." Barnabas took the pencils from the teenager and placed them on the desk.

"Like I guess it only works if it's a real cross." Shaggy said.

"Don't you think you're being a little foolish?" Quentin asked.

"No more than normal." Velma said.

"Maybe I should give him a sedative?" Julia asked.

"Ri believe you Shaggy."

"Like thanks Scoob," Shaggy said, "Wait I know." He left the room and returned a few minutes later with a frame behind his back. Even though no one could see they could guess what it was.

"Like take a look at this!" he held the mirror in front of Barnabas's face.

"Oh dear. I missed a spot shaving." Barnabas said gazing at his reflection.

"Like huh?" Shaggy said putting down the mirror. Quentin and Julia were just as surprised but hid it quickly.

"Well I hope that settles this," Velma said, "Now maybe we can get back to finding David Collins."

"Right," Fred said, "Maybe we should take a look around the auditorium. C'mon Daphne."

"Sorry Fred but I need to talk to Quentin alone." She took Quentin's hand and led him out of the room. Quentin smiled over his shoulder and saw Fred frowning.

"Well I guess it's just us Velma?" Fred said.

"Let's go" Velma sighed. "You guys want to come?"

"Like I don't get it. He shouldn't have a reflection. Should he?" Shaggy said.

"If he was a vampire he wouldn't," Velma sounded as if she was talking to a small child, "Which means he isn't one."

The doorbell rang and Julia went to answer it. She opened the door and let Detective Lanford in then asked Barnabas to find Roger.

"Did you know that there has been three members of the Trask family who disappeared here in the last hundred odd years?" The detective asked as they waited.

"Really?" Julia said faking ignorance, "How interesting."

"One has to wonder why the family is still here," Lanford continued, "You almost think something was out to get them."

"Something? Don't you mean someone?" Fred asked.

"Did I say something?" Lanford asked innocently, "Must have been a slip. But you will admit it's odd. Almost makes you believe in curses."

"I don't believe in curses," Velma said, "But it's odd. The chances of three members of the same family disappearing in the same town are way out there."

"I don't see what this has to do with David's disappearance," Julia said, "Unless you're saying Reverend Trask is trying to get revenge."

"No Doctor. I just came across the fact during my investigation and thought you might be interested. But I assure you the Reverend had nothing to do with this."

"You sound sure of yourself Detective." Julia said.

"It's my job to be sure Doctor."

Barnabas returned down the stairs with Roger who looked more grim than usual.

"Yes Detective. I hope you have some news on my son."

"Indeed I do. If you'll all come with me."

Lanford led the group outside down to the sidewalk toward the driveway where a police car was waiting. A uniformed officer got out of the passenger side when he saw them and opened the back door on the other side. Everyone stopped when they saw who it was.

"David!" Roger ran to his son and hugged him, "Are you alright? I've been so worried, imagining all sorts of horrible things, but you're safe now. Did you catch the animal responsible for this?" The last question was for Detective Lanford.

"Yes. You're hugging him."

Roger looked at this son and the detective as if they suddenly grew horns. "What are you saying?"

"I'm saying all this was a publicity stunt. Your son faked all of it, the disappearance and the ghost."

"But how did you do it?" Barnabas asked.

"The stage had a trapdoor, when the lights went out David slipped down it. Apparently only one other member of the band knew about it. When the lights went out he ran backstage and turned on the ghost. They had a projector aimed at the ceiling. The vents were set to open on a timer and there was dry ice in the ducts. So when the image hit the smoke it looked like a ghost's head."

"Neat trick. But where did they get the film and the voice?" Velma asked.

"Well the voice was pieced together from Reverend Trask's sermons and the head was a cartoon." The detective explained.

"You think we would be able to tell if we were looking at a cartoon." Julia observed looking at the teenagers.

"Well it was hard to tell in the dim light." Lanford said.

"Like why do you look so upset Fred? Is it Daphne?" Shaggy whispered to Fred.

"No. I just like being the one who explains things to people. I hate adults who know how to do their jobs."

"How did you know it was David and the other boys who did it?" Julia was asking.

"I found a pair of drum sticks under the stage." The detective answered.

"Who would have guessed a guy named Slasher was afraid of the dark." David complained.

"We followed on of the band members to a motel just outside of town and there he was, the detective continued, "Now that David's back I've got to get back to the station, someone's got to write a report on this."

Lanford got into the police car and they drove away.

"You're in a lot of trouble young man." Roger said to David.

"So what else is new, David mumbled then more loudly he added, "But our family has had so much hassle over ghosts I thought why not make some money off of it."

"Well I have no problem with making money, but what you did was wrong." Roger said, "Now apologize to these teenagers for wasting their time."

David went over to them, "Sorry. Why did you get mixed up in this

anyway? You don't even know me."

"It's O.K., we have nothing else to do but drive around trying to prove there's no such thing as the supernatural." Fred explained.

"So you don't believe in the supernatural?" David asked.

"No." Fred answered.

"Not at all." Velma said.

"Like I sure do." Shaggy said looking at Barnabas.

"Rme too." Said Scooby.

"Anyway," Fred said changing the subject, "I'm glad you're okay David."

"You don't sound like you're glad."

"That's because I didn't get to unmask any old people. No offense but you have a weird family David."

"You're calling us weird Fred. You guys wear the same outfits everyday and have a 5-foot talking dog."

"Alright," Roger came up behind David, "Let's go inside and we'll talk about this."

"Yes Sir." Together they went inside to the house.

"Speaking of apologizing," Velma nudged Shaggy, "don't you have something to say?"

"Like alright. But if I come back dead I'm never speaking to you again."

The others left them alone. Shaggy trembled very slightly in front of Barnabas, "Like I'm sorry about the vampire thing."

"But Shaggy," Barnabas smiled, "I am a vampire."

Shaggy's eyes widened "Like what! But what about the reflection?"

Special effects," Seeing that the teen didn't understand he explained, "Haven't you ever heard of story continuity? Your show is about proving ghosts and the like doesn't exist. You and Scooby Doo represent the children who believe and the others are the adults who try to convince them there's nothing under the bed."

"Like I still don't get it."

"That's alright," Barnabas, said with that I'm a charming guy look, "Just keep believing and don't let anyone talk you out of it."

Quentin and Daphne came outside and joined them.

"Quentin, Daphne. Do you know the good news?" Barnabas asked.

"Yes. Roger was coming up the stairs as we were going down. I felt just a little silly, Quentin looked at Daphne, "in more ways than one."

Julia, Velma, Fred and Scooby joined them. Fred looked at Daphne for a long time.

Finally she said, "So do you have room for one more?"

What do you mean?" Fred asked glancing at Quentin, "He isn't coming?"

"Of course not silly I am."

"That's great Daphne. I-we would have missed you. What changed your mind."

"Yeah," Velma wanted to know, "Why would you want to ride aimlessly around in a old van when you could live here and have almost everything you wanted?"

Well I just don't feel like now was the time to get married. Besides how could I live without Shaggy's cooking, Scooby's company and Velma's advice?", seeing the look on Fred's face slyly added, "And I guess I might miss you too."

"Besides," Quentin added, "I'm a little too old for her. But you better treat her right Fred."

"Yes sir Mr. Collins. I will."

"Aren't you worried Reverend Trask will sue?" Velma asked.

"Not really," Quentin said, "We have the best lawyer in the field of spoiled, obnoxious teenagers.

After the teenagers drove away, Julia put her hand on Quentin's shoulder, "are you alright? Would you like a sedative?"

"No. It's for the best. Just because a woman reminds you of another one is no reason to fall in love with her, right Barnabas?"

"Ah yes. That's very depressing. Well I have to return to the Old House see you later."

After they were sure he was out of vampire earshot, Quentin leaned toward Julia, "I think he's coming around. Don't give up on him.

"Why I don't know what you're talking about."

"Of course not. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to get a brandy."

Back at the Old House Julia found Barnabas working on his bookshelf.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm changing the book that triggers the hidden door. Can you think of something that no one could possibly be interested in?"

"Maybe something by Anne Rice."

Barnabas closed the bookshelf and put the book away, "This can wait a while," with vampire speed he moved across the room and swept Julia into his arms.

"Barnabas! What on earth are you doing?"

"To hell with the fans. This story was so badly written I doubt anyone read this far anyway. Would you like to see if I can rise before the sun does?"

Before Julia could say another word Barnabas gave her a kiss that lasted all the way upstairs.

The front door creaked opened only a few inches. A pair of little white mice entered. One was tall (for a mouse) with large ears and buckteeth, the other was half the height and had a larger than normal head.

"So what are we going to do tonight Brain?" asked the taller one.

"The same thing we do every night Pinky. Try to take over the world. Only this time we do it with the power of the vampire."

A well-timed lighting bolt hit the room.

"Eeee Gawd Brain. That's brilliant!" said the taller one, Oh no, wait. How's calling baseball games going to help us take over the world?"

The Brain took Barnabas's cane from next to the coat stand and knocked Pinky into the wall with it.

"Maybe I should have teamed up with the dog." The Brain thought aloud.

THE END

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End  
file.